

TWO GERMAN DESTROYERS TORPEDOED—1 SUNK

The Daily Mirror

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One Penny.

AEROPLANE COMES TO EARTH IN A PARIS STREET—BRITISH OFFICERS HONoured BY THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.



P. 8408 C. A French Army aeroplane, which came down in a street in Paris. **G. 11920 D.** The pilot was compelled to descend owing to trouble with his motor.



President Poincaré at Peronne. He decorated the officers.—(Official.)

President Poincaré visited Peronne shortly after it was evacuated by the Germans and conferred decorations on several British officers who played a distinguished part in redeeming the town for France. The pilot of the aeroplane which came down in a



G. 11922 T. On the way to St. Quentin. Chauncey captured by the French.

Paris street had a marvellous escape from death. The machine first hit the side of a house and then landed on a tree, and although it was completely smashed, the airman escaped with a few bruises. A little girl was slightly injured.

10,000 WOMEN FOR THE LAND.

Girls to Help Grow Corn and Fell Trees.

UNIFORMED FARM HANDS.

Ten thousand women are wanted immediately on the land to help plant, cultivate and harvest this year's crops. *The Daily Mirror* learns that the army of women for the land is receiving recruits rapidly.

To-day's National Service "want" is for 5,000 women for dairy work, 4,000 for work in the fields and 1,000 as carters.

The feminine land soldier's uniform will be provided free by the Director-General of National Service.

1,000 RECRUITS A DAY.

Recruits have been rolling in at the rate of 1,000 a day; 6,000 was the week's total given to *The Daily Mirror* at the National Service office late on Saturday night.

After milking, the most popular branch of land work promises to be forestry.

Sixteen girls are setting off this week to tend 240 acres of forest near Ludlow.

They will be interviewed by the ploughmen without which coal-mining cannot proceed, will clear the undergrowth, cut away branches and fell the smaller trees.

Their leader is a young physical culture mistress little over twenty, who will work through her school holidays and each week-end.

The "gang" will shortly be brought up to sixty girls, who will travel by caravan over the country, working where required. They have eight leaders for carrying purposes, which will also draw the caravans.

Their catering will be done by their leader on the co-operative canteen system.

HOW TO ENROL.

The National Service and the Board of Agriculture have issued the following directions in regard to women's work on the land under national service.

A recruit will sign the forms obtainable at any post office.

She will receive a summons from the nearest Employment Exchange in her district to appear before a Joint Committee of the Employment Exchange and the District Selection and Allocation Committee at a certain hour. Her railway ticket to the place mentioned will be sent.

She will be interviewed by the District Selection and Allocation Committee, who will consider whether she is physically fit for work on the land. If accepted for service the committee will then decide:

That she is sufficiently skilled to go straight to a farm as paid worker.

That she is suitable for a bursary—i.e., 15s. a week and allocated direct to the approved farm on which she will work.

That she requires four weeks' training at a centre.

The recruit is given a medical certificate, which she must get filled in, either by her own doctor at her own expense or by one of the doctors on the committee's panel nearest her home.

The recruit who is to be sent to a four weeks' training centre will have all particulars, with her address, her medical certificate, her outfit measurements, sent to the committee in the county town.

The committee will send her instructions and a railway voucher. Her progress will be reported upon, and, if satisfactory, arrangements will be made to place her upon a farm as soon as she is ready. An endeavour will be made to place her locally.

In order to cope with the food problem the Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society will compile a food register, and to this end circulars have been dispatched to all the members.

RUSSIANS STOP ATTACKS.

Torpedo Boat's Feat in Black Sea—Turkish Observation Post Burnt.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

Western Front.—South-east of Brzezany the enemy twice attacked our positions, but was repelled on each occasion.

Rumanian Front.—The enemy's offensive in the region of Monestirka (Kachenul, twenty versts south of Okna) was repelled by the Rumanian troops.

Black Sea.—One of our torpedo boats landed a number of troops near the mouth of the River Terme, fifty-five versts east of Samsun. These troops burnt a Turkish observation post.

The same torpedo boat captured ten sailing schooners laden with valuable cargoes and brought them to Trebizond.

In the Bosphorus region one of our submarines sank a sailing schooner.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Front of the Archduke Joseph.—Successful raids by our storming troops in the wooded Carpathians on the Russian positions which have been destroyed on many previous occasions resulted in the capture of over forty prisoners and some machine guns.

Macedonian Front.—On the eastern bank of the Vardar our destructive fire averted an English attack.

LONDON'S EASTER.

Omnibuses Crowded with Stay-at-Home Holiday-Makers.

GARDENERS' BUSY HOURS.

The third Easter of war was a stay-at-home Easter.

There was very little travel, and although yesterday morning was sunny and fairly warm, after a cold, bleak week, the railway stations seemed deserted.

Gone were the crowds that attacked the up-river trains at Paddington in pre-war days and on Easter Sunday 1915 and 1916. There was no Easter Sunday exodus from Victoria, Charing Cross or Liverpool-street Stations.

The omnibuses and trains to Hampstead Heath, Hampton Court, Kew, Bushey Park and other "beauty spots" beloved of Londoners on holiday were crowded all through the day.

The London Parks were thronged. Kotten Row at one o'clock was filled with promenaders, many of them officers in khaki.

The Zoo was crowded throughout the day. The majority of the men in khaki were soldiers from overseas.

Amateur gardeners everywhere put in their Easter week-end cultivating their little gardens. The blades of hoes flashed everywhere in the sunshine and the stooping figures of men, women and children planting seeds in the fields were visible from the tops of omnibuses in all the suburbs round London.

In pursuance of an old custom, a police-sergeant walked down the aisle of Chard Parish Church on Easter Sunday morning and handed the incumbent a letter containing the name of the gentleman elected by the parish to act as churchwarden for the ensuing year.

BLOW AT AFTERNOON TEA.

Food Controller's Action to Stop Consumption of Rich Cakes.

Lord Devonport's order about food hoarding takes effect to-day.

The order concerning the regulation afternoon teas will be issued almost immediately. *The Daily Mirror* understands. Lord Devonport says that nothing very novel or very startling need be expected; but the measure is sure to aim at stopping the consumption of rich cakes and pastries.

It is most probable that the price which may be charged for afternoon teas will be fixed.

House-to-house visitation, in order to search for hidden stores of food is not to be introduced, it is understood.

The hoarders will be traced through a system of checking by which the wholesalers and retailers will supply the authorities with the information upon which they will be able to decide their course in each case.

BELGIAN QUEEN'S GIFT.

New Clarinet Bestowed on Music-Loving N.C.O.

Paris, Sunday.—A young non-commissioned Belgian officer was on guard recently near the villa in Flanders occupied by the King and Queen of the Belgians.

The Queen happened to hear him playing the ocarina, and congratulated him on his talent for music. The soldier told her that before the war he played the clarinet, but he had been obliged to leave his instrument at Antwerp when the city was evacuated.

The Queen said, "That was a pity," and passed on her way. Some days later the royal car stopped near the barracks, and the Queen asked for Sergeant Robert C—. The young soldier presented himself, and the Queen gave him a new clarinet "to make up for the one he had lost."

ALIEN'S LYING LETTERS.

Timofei Samsonov, a Russian revolutionary, was sentenced at Liverpool on Saturday to six months' imprisonment and recommended for deportation on charges of spreading false reports and procuring a man to copy a letter to America.

THE WILY KAISER.

German Chancellor to Prepare Scheme of Electoral Reform.

EMPEROR'S SOP TO PEOPLE.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.—According to a Berlin official telegram the Kaiser, in an order to the Imperial Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, requests him to submit certain proposals for the reform of the Prussian electoral law, which, he says, will be discussed and put into effect after the conclusion of peace.

The Kaiser also foreshadows the reform of the Prussian Upper House.

In order that at the happy conclusion of the war, which I confidently hope is not far away, all that is necessary and appropriate can be done at once, I desire that preparations be immediately concluded (writes the Kaiser).

The reform of the Prussian Diet and the liberation of our entire inner political life especially are dearest to my heart.

For the reform of electoral law of the Lower House of the Diet preparatory work had already begun at my request at the outbreak of war.

I charge you now to submit to me definite proposals of the Minister of State, so that on the return of our warriors this work, which is fundamental for the internal formation of Prussia, can be carried through by legislation.

In view of the gigantic deeds of the entire people of this, in my opinion, no more room in Prussia for election by classes (Klassenwahlrecht).—Reuter.

"YOURS" AND "OURS."

How Russian Humour Scored Off a German Taunt.

PETROGRAD, Sunday.—The suggestion comes from Charkoff that five per cent. of the soldiers in South Russia should be employed on agricultural work.

During the revolution the Germans in one sector of the northern front displayed placards containing the words: "Your Ministers have been arrested."

The Russians retaliated with placards containing the reply: "No. Your Ministers have been arrested. Ours have only just been appointed."

A telegram from Kiel states that the Empress Marie, with her daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga, and the Grand Duke Alexander Michailovitch, has started for the Crimea, accompanied by a Government commissioner.—Reuter.

TRIPPED BY SUMMER TIME

Curious Mishaps in Changing the Clocks—Put on Twice.

The change from winter time to summer time early yesterday morning led to many minor trials and a few serious inconveniences.

In some cases the putting forward of the clocks was overlooked, *The Daily Mirror* discovered, and the result was that small parties of people were left lamenting their carelessness when they reached the railway stations.

As it was Sunday morning and the trains are fewer than ever nowadays, the inconvenience was in some cases serious.

In the home there were many misunderstandings. When the putting on of the clocks was not undertaken by one member of the family the time was advanced twice. The most curious instance was when the clock was put on three times, and the mistake was not discovered until the members of the family assembled round the breakfast-table began to grumble.

WELL-KNOWN JOURNALIST DEAD.

Mr. Charles Vidal Diehl, a well-known journalist, son of Alie Diehl, the novelist, died in Waltheim Hospital on Saturday morning after an operation.

Mr. Diehl, who was forty-nine years of age, was the founder of the Newspaper Weather Bureau, the activities of which on the outbreak of the war were very much restricted.

Mr. Diehl leaves a widow and five children.



Nurses on the French front now wear steel helmets just like the Poilus.

U.S. WAR VOTE OF \$1,300,000,000.

Congress Asked to Loan £600,000,000 to Allies.

4 NATIONS DECLARE WAR.

WASHINGTON, Sunday.—The Secretary of the Treasury, with the President's approval, will ask Congress to-morrow to vote \$1,300,000,000 for war purposes. One thousand million pounds are to be raised by bond issues at 3½ per cent. and £800,000,000 will be raised by additional taxation. Six hundred million pounds of the bond issue is to be loaned outright to the Allies.

The remaining £700,000,000 is to be spent on the Army and Navy.—Wireless Press.

WASHINGTON, Saturday.—At a conference which was held to-day between Mr. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, and the democratic leaders of Congress, it was decided to place before Congress early in the week legislation with a view to the immediate issue of a loan to the Entente Governments.

AVAILABLE IN THIRTY DAYS.

The tentative plan is to have a substantial portion of the issue available for the Allies within thirty days.—Reuter.

Wireless messages state:—

The Washington Administration is considering the question of giving the Federal Trade Commission authority to fix the war prices of all foodstuffs and of all kinds of war supplies.

One hundred alleged German spies have already been arrested. Money amounting to \$200,000 has been found in their possession.

"CHAMPIONS OF DEMOCRACIES."

President Wilson, says the Exchange, in a message to President Poincaré, thanking him for his message welcoming America to the ranks of the Allies, says:—

"We now stand erect as champions of the noble democracies whose aims and actions have contributed to perpetuate the rights and independence of men and to safeguard the true principles of human liberties."

U.S. ARMY FOR EUROPE?

WASHINGTON, Sunday.—As the plans for the preparation of the Army progress it is becoming increasingly apparent that the Government is looking forward to the possibility of sending an army to Europe.

It is learned that 3,000,000 hand grenades have been ordered, a gas mask of an improved type has been chosen, and a steel helmet has been adopted, while the question of trench bomb-throwers is now being considered.—Reuter.

WAR WITH HUNS' ALLIES.

BERNE, Saturday (received yesterday).—A telegram from Berlin states that after the reception of the definite news that Saturday that the United States had declared war against Germany, all three allies of Germany—Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey—formally announced that they are severing diplomatic relations with America, and that they consider themselves in a state of war with the United States.—Wireless

CUBA JOINS AMERICA.

New York, Saturday (received yesterday).—A telegram from Havana says that the Senate has unanimously adopted a joint resolution declaring that a state of war exists between Cuba and Germany.

GERMAN UNEASINESS.

The Pan-German Press, says a Wireless message, is full of extremely violent and insulting comment directed against President Wilson and the United States.

The uneasiness of public opinion is frankly revealed in various quarters, for example, in these words of the *Forwards*:—

"We must admit that the political counter-offensive of our enemies takes us unawares. In the eyes of the majority of the white and yellow inhabitants of the globe Germany is regarded as the tyrannical and despotic conqueror and her enemies are considered to be liberators."

As the result of the Russian revolution and the American declaration of war this tempest of world opinion has assumed the proportions of a hurricane.

It seems as though the Imperial Government feels the need to reply to the crusade of the whole world against Germanic imperialism by the institution of some internal reforms.

PIT-SHAFT ACCIDENT.

While engaged on repairs two bricklayers were killed on Saturday evening at the West Cannock Colliery, Hednesford, Staffs., by falling 200 yards down the pit-shaft.

A centenarian named Edmund Cordland, who regularly went to market up to the age of ninety-five, has died at Winterringham, near Doncaster.

FOE DESTROYERS TORPEDOED AND BASES BOMBED

One German Warship Sunk and Another Badly Damaged in Scrap Off Zeebrugge.

BRITISH PUSH ON 3,000 YARDS FRONT.

R.N.A.S. Seaplane Raids on Zeebrugge, Ghent and Bruges—Sir D. Haig Reports Many Air Successes.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

Sunday, 7.45 p.m.—The Vice-Admiral, Dover, reports:—Attacks were carried out on Zeebrugge Mole by seaplanes of R.N.A.S. on night of 7th-8th, and many bombs were dropped.

Attacks were also made in co-operation with the military on ammunition dumps at Ghent and Bruges.

All machines returned safely.

Other operations were carried out off Zeebrugge during the same night, as the result of which two enemy destroyers were torpedoed. One of these was seen to sink. The fate of the second is not certain, but she was very severely damaged.

We sustained no casualties.

FINE BRITISH ADVANCE—AIR SUCCESSSES.

General Headquarters, Sunday.

8.28 P.M.—In the neighbourhood of the Bapaume-Cambrai road we made considerable progress during the night on a front of about 3,000 yards north of the village of Louveral.

Our raiding parties entered the enemy's lines last night at a number of points and secured several prisoners.

In one raid south-east of Ypres we captured eighteen German prisoners. The enemy's trenches were found to have been greatly damaged by our fire.

Several bombing raids were carried out by our aeroplanes yesterday and during the previous night. Large quantities of explosives were dropped on aerodrome stations, transport and on a battery in action, and good results were observed.

In one German aerodrome three hangars were destroyed and possibly a fourth, and a group of buildings in the neighbourhood were also hit by our bombs.

Hostile trains were also attacked with success by machine gun fire. A German kite balloon was successfully attacked and destroyed.

FOE REPORTS ATTACKS NEAR BELGIAN COAST.

Claim That They Were Stopped in Hand-to-Hand Fighting.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Near the coast and in the Wytschaete detachments, after violent fire, strong reconnoitring detachments advanced at various points against our positions.

They were repulsed before the entanglements and south-east of Ypres, in hand-to-hand fighting, as a result of which some prisoners were taken.

In the region of the Somme lively fire (whether by French or British) could not be



Sir Douglas Haig reports progress on a 3,000 yards front north of Louveral, near the Bapaume-Cambrai road, which is shown in the map running south-west from Cambrai through Bourlon. Louveral is about a mile south-west of Bourlon.

determined) was sustained against St. Quentin, whose cathedral was damaged by several hits.

A fresh attempt by the French to gain ground near Laffaux broke down with heavy losses.

One of our companies pursued the retreating enemy and captured from him forty-eight prisoners.—(Admiralty per Wireless Press.)

Night.—In several sectors of the Aisne front, and also in the western part of Champagne there have been lively artillery engagements and lively aerial activity.—Admiralty

GERMANS FIRE ANOTHER 1,200 SHELLS INTO RHEIMS.

Civilians Killed and Injured by Foe's Ruthless Bombardment.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

During the day there was no infantry action on the whole front.

There was a violent artillery duel in certain sectors between the Somme and the Aisne and in Champagne.

The Germans yesterday fired 1,200 shells into Rheims. One civilian was killed and three were wounded.

Aviation.—Last night German aeroplanes dropped bombs on Belfort, but no damage was done and no casualties inflicted.—Reuter.

Afternoon.—In Belgium our troops penetrated at two points into the enemy's positions in the region of Lombard Zyle.

Many German corpses were found in the trenches wrecked by our fire.

An enemy attempt against one of our small posts south of the Paschendale Canal was repulsed by means of grenades.

From the Somme to the Aisne there were intermittent artillery actions and patrol encounters at different points of the front. In the Vosges a raid against one of our trenches in the region of Celles was easily repulsed.

Another enemy attempt in the direction of Largitzen cost the assailants losses without any result. The night was calm everywhere else.—Reuter.

THANKS OF EMPIRE.

Lord Derby, says a Reuter Cairo message, has telegraphed as follows to General Sir Archibald Murray, Commander-in-Chief in Egypt:—

"The Imperial War Cabinet, at which representatives of the United Kingdom, the Dominions and India are assembled, charge me to convey to you and all ranks concerned cordial congratulations on the striking and important success achieved near Gaza. They have heard with special gratification your commendation of the gallantry of the troops."

General Sir Archibald Murray replied to the effect that it was the earnest determination of all ranks in the Egyptian Field Force to "pull their full weight."



Two German destroyers have been torpedoed off Zeebrugge, one being sunk. Zeebrugge Mole has also been bombed.

90 FIGHTS WITH U BOATS IN TWO MONTHS.

How British Shipping Has Met the German Pirates.

"BLOCKADE" FOE'S WEAKNESS

Lord Robert Cecil, in an interview he gave to the *Petit Parisien*, stated that during the past two months there had been a total of ninety fights between British ships and U boats.

The Minister of Blockade also said: "While the losses sustained by merchant shipping are important, I do not think it is any exaggeration to say they are considerably below what the Germans hoped to inflict upon us."

"It should not be forgotten also that while we talk much about the victims of Teuton piracy we say little or nothing about the losses sustained by the pirates themselves."

I am able to state, upon the authority of the Admiralty, that between February 21 and April 1 there were no fewer than forty-nine fights between British vessels and German pirates.

According to the returns supplied to the Commons by Sir Edward Carson there were forty others between February 1 and 21, making a total of about ninety."

The German "blockade" is a complete avowal of Germany's weakness. It is a proof that she has really abandoned all hope of ever obtaining on land a favourable decision for her arms.

Furthermore, it is an indication of the fact that she is aware of the impossibility of disputing with any chance of success the mastery of the seas, which the Allies have possessed since the outbreak of war.

ALL RECORDS BROKEN BY OUR NEW AEROPLANES.

Fast Machine Destroys Five Foe's in One Fight.

FROM W. BEACH THOMAS.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS' HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, Sunday.—Even the amazing communiqué issued yesterday gives no real idea of the new fighting in the air. The latest aeroplanes on both sides are of a quite breathless speed.

At one moment aeroplanes swoosh over you like a covey of birds; at another you see or hear no sign of their presence; a minute later faint, mysterious sounds as of a hammer on soft wood come from viewless heights, and then one of the planes, either winged or too weak for the combat, dives for the harbourage of its own lines.

The fighting is now so quick and skilful that the slower, older machine has about as much chance as a fieldfare against a hawk.

I am told that all records were broken by one of our newest and fastest machines, which destroyed five of the enemy in one flight.

The art of high diving has increased beyond telling. From 16,000ft., where they are scarcely visible, or from the ambush of a cloud, the planes come down like a plummet to bomb a train, to fire a balloon, or to riddle a body of men with machine gun fire.

MESOPOTAMIA GAIN.

Mr. Edmund Candler, who is with the British Expeditionary Force in Mesopotamia, cables, under date April 1, as follows:—

The Turkish force lately holding Jebel Hamrin is retiring before our column, which advanced from the northern face of the Jebel Hamrin range to-day, and has occupied Kilz Robat. Our cavalry pushed on seven miles beyond.

[Since the above message was sent, the junction of British and Russian forces between Kilz Robat and Khanikin has been officially reported.]

REAL MEANING OF OUR AIR LOSSES.

Combats Fought 50 Miles Beyond Front Line.

NO DISMAY AT THE FRONT.

Germans Claim They Downed 161 Machines in March.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS' HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, Sunday.—The official communiqué of Saturday evening contains the greatest aggregate of British and German aerial casualties, which I believe have ever been published as the results of two days' operations. We lost twenty-eight aeroplanes.

As these figures will probably be read with some dismay at home, it is well that the true significance of them should be appreciated.

JUSTIFIED BY RESULTS.

Taking it as a fundamental principle that war cannot be carried on without losses, the first consideration is as to how far such losses are justified by the results attained.

On this occasion we find that all the machines had carried the aerial war well over the enemy territory. Some of the combats were actually fought as far back as fifty miles behind the front line.

When we talk of aerial ascendancy, it is as well to realise just what the phrase means.

Ascendancy in aerial warfare purely means the power to carry out at all times any operations which may be decided upon, and this power we assuredly continue to possess and exercise.

Given an unbroken spell of fine weather, our airmen are confident of their ability so to demoralise the Boche flyers as virtually to clear the air of them.

NOT DISQUIETING.

If a battalion goes into action and accomplishes all that it is set to do at a cost of one-quarter of its strength, we deem this a perfectly satisfactory operation of war, but if our airmen achieve a result which is of infinitely more value to the wider issues of a campaign on the same terms, we are apt to regard the sacrifice as illustrating a most disquieting state of affairs.

I find that the pilots and observers who are serving in this country are consistently optimistic.—Reuter's Special

GERMAN BOASTS.

A German official communiqué issued yesterday claimed wonderful results for the month of March.

The anticipatory development of our aerial fighting forces (says Berlin), the perfection in the building of aeroplanes on the basis of experience gained from the enemy and at home, the tutoring of observers for artillery and infantry, and the maintenance of the established attacking spirit of our fighting airmen, have led to great results during the month of March.

In securing these results our anti-aircraft guns also played a considerable part. Our opponents, including the Americans who were in the French aerial service for a long time prior to their country's declaration of war, have lost in the west, east and in the Balkans 161 aeroplanes and nineteen captive balloons by our attacks and anti-aircraft devices.

Of these 143 aeroplanes and the nineteen balloons were shot down in aerial attack and fifteen aeroplanes were shot down by fire from the ground.

Three enemy aeroplanes came into our possession by involuntary landing behind our lines.

The German losses amount to forty-five aeroplanes. No captive balloons were lost.

"THIRTEEN MORE PLANES DOWN."

The German communiqué issued yesterday afternoon said: Yesterday twelve enemy aeroplanes were shot down in aerial battle and one by anti-aircraft fire.

GREATEST AIR BATTLE.

The main points in Sir Douglas Haig's report on Saturday on the greatest air battles in the war were:—

More than 1,700 photographs were taken of country between the Hun lines;

Seventeen bomb raids were carried out on enemy aerodromes, depots and railways;

More than eight tons of bombs were dropped;

Forty-six enemy machines were brought down;

Two hostile balloons were driven down in flames;

Twenty-eight of our machines are missing.

The German version of the raid is that forty-four Allied aeroplanes and a captive balloon were lost.

CRACKING AN EASTER EGG.



An Easter greeting sent to The Daily Mirror from a soldier reader

TURKISH DOCTOR CAPTURED.



The doctor wearing the Red Crescent.



A few of the captured medical staff.

During the fighting at Sihai, where the enemy was heavily defeated, we captured indefatigably for our wounded. Many prisoners fell into our hands during the battle.

REPORTED KILLED.



Major Bry Lewis, the famous international three-quarter, reported killed.

"THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE."



Poilu photographed by an officer in his native village, which he helped to redeem.

VOLUNTEERS FROM THE UNITED STATES.



American citizens who are fighting for the Allies in the British Army with their new standard. All have been wounded on the western front.

WOMEN WHO ARE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



Lady Forbes-Robertson, who will appear in the revival of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."



Miss Dorothy Ward, to be leading lady in the new Harry Tate revue, "Good-bye-ee."



Miss Gladys Storey, to whose Bovril Fund the King has sent a donation of £25.

PRETTY PARIS GOWN.



Grey satin gown with georgette sleeves of the same shade. The waistband is in gold and grey.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, APRIL 9, 1917.

THE WAY WE PLAY BRIDGE.

ON Saturday, we ventured to remark here on the succeeding or coincident waves of self-contradictory optimism and pessimism that sweep over Ministers and "high authorities" at this stage in the war, and so puzzle and depress an already often-disabused public that the great trump card thrust into the hands of the Allies last week—the accession of America to the "league of honour"—has hardly availed in the least to lighten the feeling of uncertainty.

That was on Saturday morning. On Saturday evening, an evening paper obligingly re-wrote our article in different words and confirmed our thesis.

Excellent! We like to find allies in a good cause; and it is we believe, a needed suggestion—this, that our great ones should take the trouble to co-ordinate their sermons, dominate their nerves, cease to spring sudden and impossible demands on the country, and, in sum, be less incoherent and hysterical. Largely, these dull or alarming speeches are responsible for the gloom of the moment.

But may there not be another cause for it? May there not be what one must call a *superstitious* feeling in the air, that our securing a trump card is always followed by our industrious turning of it into a "dud" one? How often, in this war, has the King of Hearts turned, under Governmental shuffling, into the Two of Spades! Rumania was only the last exasperating instance—and for this the Government of that time was not to blame, save perhaps in permitting "our military correspondent" to make a bigger fool of himself than usual. . . . But fault or no fault—the public is never given the facts to judge by—the King of Hearts again became the Two of Spades. The cards were thrown on the table. The round wasn't played. There was another deal.

These things, if forgotten by Governments, are remembered by the nation; and so now, in spite of the great news of last week, there is an atmosphere of perhaps delusive scepticism about. The depressing speeches of Sir William Robertson and Sir John Jellicoe on Wednesday did the rest.

"More men" said one, of his department; "it can't be done" said the other, of his. Not cheering! *Non possumus*, as a device for the Admiralty, may be inevitable. It is not heartening. We bow our heads under it. We do not rejoice.

And two considerations make the "it-can't-be-done" speech rather more disquieting now than it was in the first two years or so of the war.

One is, that the Navy is no longer so successful in securing supplies as it was; the other is that the Germans *did* come out; and, bringing a thing called "low visibility" with them, did pretty well. That is why the old *non possumus* now sounds less like a prudent policy and more like a confession of despair. That too is, we repeat, one cause of public scepticism.

We are not "criticising"; but merely endeavouring to diagnose a not altogether unnatural mood of the hour. . . . What evening paper will help us by re-writing our diagnosis for us without acknowledgment? W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

What, then, is the true way of loving one's friends? It is to love them in God, to love God in them: to love what He has made them, and to bear, for love of Him, with what He has not made them. The love of God, loving friends apart from self, knows how to love patiently through all their faults. What is lacking in any one it knows may yet be made up, if God wills.—*Fenelon*.

SHALL WE HAVE A MINISTER OF ARTS?

A REFORM TO BE LEARN'T FROM THE NEW RUSSIA.

By LEONARD CROCOMBE.

THE new Russian Government is appointing a Minister of the Arts!

Meanwhile, we in England are muddling and marring the new London—the new and better London that was to arise after the war. What more natural than that we should want the symbol of better building to coincide with happier thoughts, after all this sadness? Yet, quite calmly and collectedly, without remorse, and dismissing the matter as mere nonsense, the promoters of the Charing Cross Bridge Bill have passed the first reading. That may mean the continued ruin of one of the finest river stretches in the world. The

architects, and ruin everything with his weight?

Much would depend on the Minister. But I am optimist enough to believe he could do something.

And not only in regard to mere decoration, not only in regard to the beauty of building and help for a new city. He could oppose all anti-civilising and anti-aesthetic impulses.

REVUES AND MUSEUMS.

First, he would surely reopen the doors of the British Museum! We cannot afford to economise in truth these days. A negligible sum is saved annually by the closing of the British Museum. Thousands of pounds will be spent on each new London revue!

The new Agricultural Commission advocates a return to the land. It speaks of a need of cottage accommodation for farm workers.

Here would be a grand chance for a Minister of the Arts—he'd see to it that our pro-

AMERICA'S HELP.

PROBLEMS OF MAN-POWER AND FOOD IN THE NEXT FEW MONTHS.

CAN WE?

AS most of the few million men taken from the world's agriculture have been replaced by women, why is there so much greater a world-shortage of food than usual? Probably, as you suggested the other day, it is because Europe is so busy converting the world's nitrates, practically food, into explosives.

Anyhow, the result seems to be this: to avoid defeat by holding out till the next harvest the German must have one small meal a day, the Britisher two.

Can we do it voluntarily? DOUBTFUL. London, W.C.

AMERICA'S AGRICULTURE.

MR. JOHN CARDEN enthuses over the immense output of food in the United States; yet it is none too great for her immense and

rapidly increasing population. But he is "quite certain that the output could be doubled within two years."

Is there an agricultural expert in America who would agree with him?

The vast uncultivated areas will require great and costly irrigation systems to make them fertile, according to Professor Warren S. Thompson; and, according to the late Professor King, the limited rainfall, apart from the fertilisers difficult, will put a limit on America's food production. STURGEON. Queen's-gate, S.W.

INTOLERANCE!

LIFE becomes even more of a puzzle than ever when clear-headed souls like "Widower" give us their wisdom.

"Widower's" argument is that "women, being, good or ill, Conservative, will be against change in the world."

So "Widower," being "a bit of a revolutionary and a Republican," apparently dislikes the idea of parliamentary suffrage being extended to women; in other words, he objects to women having any political opinion contrary to bits of revolutionaries and Republicans.

Surely the right to vote means the right to express one's political creed—even if one is, "for good or ill," conservative. MARSYAS.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 8.—There are several methods of planting potatoes. The prevailing system is to make a hole with a dibber and then drop in the potatoes. This method cannot be recommended, since the tubers lie in a hardened hole, and not often at the bottom of it.

The correct way is to take out a shallow trench and then place the potatoes at the bottom. Or, providing the ground has been previously prepared, the soil may be dug over again and the tubers laid in as the work proceeds. This method lightens the ground and lets in air and warmth. Sprout potatoes must be carefully handled, and should be surrounded with some light, good soil. E. F. T.



Several of our readers have written in to express their fears that, if women got the vote, they will use it as true-blue Tories and reactionaries. Our cartoonist thinks that the history of fashion hardly confirms this.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

alternative is to remove the station to the other side of the river, and to allow a better bridge to be built.

Could a Minister of Arts stop this sort of carelessness and shoddy indifference to the pride and beauty of London? Could he do anything? Could he not act as a sort of censor for the crack-brained schemes so constantly put about for the ruin of London? Could he suppress idiotic statues in the parks, quell colossal Caryatids tottering over doors, expunge marble masses representing defunct municipal mediocrities, reduce the Louis Quatorze element, utterly uncharacteristic of our national style to a minimum, and, in a word, form a style that should be national? Or would he immediately be in the pockets of the most successful—and the worst—

misusing young architects had ample opportunities of submitting plans for making these necessary new buildings beautiful.

Next, our national guardian of truth and beauty would evolve a scheme for a national conservatoire, and he could not do better than model it upon the Italian and French Conservatoires. Thus, our native talent would, where necessary, be State-endowed.

Then, having inaugurated a national conservatoire for native artists—whether musicians, singers, painters, actors, sculptors or dancers—and so encouraged the Briton to fight for the uplift of British art and to win the esteem of our Allies, the Minister of the Arts would turn his attention to founding a national theatre and a national opera house. Too great an expense? Britain at present

spends something like £4,000,000 a year on the upkeep of the unfit—paupers, lunatics, criminals, etc.—because of the criminally ignorant system of urging prolific parenthood upon the most oppressed members of society at the expense of the best, and of providing even the insane to bear children, preventing they are not actually in an asylum. The State will do all this—and pay, pay, pay—because most of our leaders lack the courage to speak out against these abuses of humanitarianism; and the State will economise in beauty and in truth and knowledge.

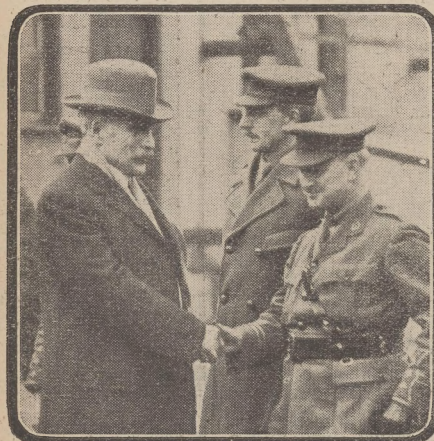
Surely one of our present Directors of Controllers and Controllers of Directors could be scrapped to make a corner in some hotel for a State official so useful and democratic as a Minister of the Arts? CHAMBERLAIN, 1917

NEW BRIGADIERS.



Lieutenant-Colonels A. E. Swift (first photograph) and J. F. L. Embury, both of the Canadian Force, have been gazetted Brigadier-Generals.—(Swaine.)

CANADA'S PREMIER AT EPSOM.



Sir Robert Borden being introduced to officers at the Woodcote Park Canadian Hospital, where he decorated several men on Saturday.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

UNTIDY BURGLARS—AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE FOR A DRESSMAKER.



Burglars broke into the premises of a well-known court dressmaker in Sloane-street and stole several hundred pounds' worth of goods. This is what the shop looked like the next morning when the assistants arrived.

ONCE A HAPPY FRENCH HOMESTEAD—



After being fortified and surrounded with trenches by the Germans.



The farm as it appears now.

Mouquet Farm, or "Mucky Farm," as the soldiers aptly called it, became famous during the great Somme offensive. The

AN HISTORIC OCCASION.



Prince Lvoff.



The first meeting.

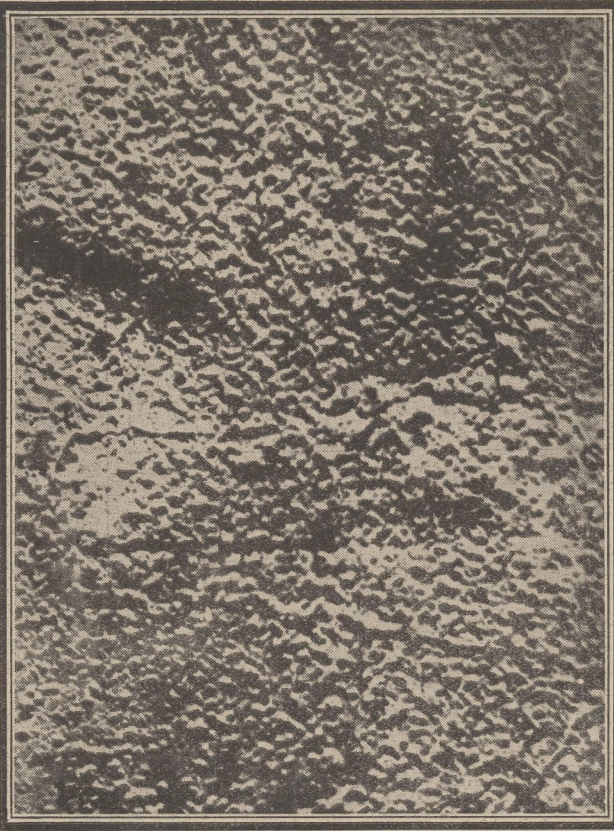
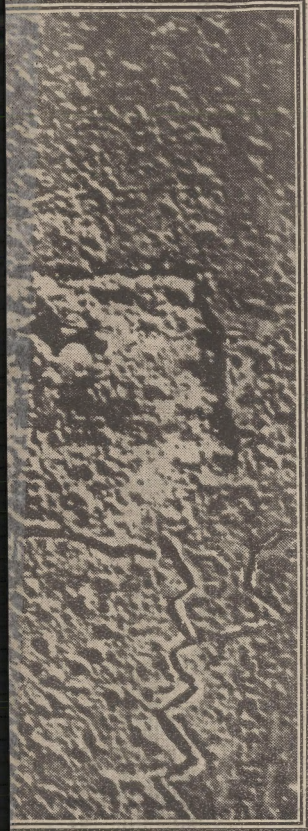


These sailors are leaving the Duma.

Prince Lvoff is the new Prime Minister and M. (pursue the war until victory is attained.)

TORIC FARM WIPED OUT OF EXISTENCE.

IN THE WAR NEWS.



Private James Flynn, V.C., of Bodmin, who has died of wounds.

Baron von Richtofen, who has downed twenty-six Allied machines.

AN OLD EASTERTIDE CUSTOM.

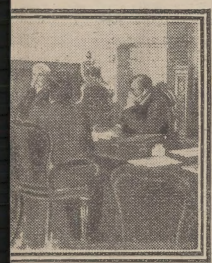


The Mayor of Winchester distributing twopences to the poor of the city—a very old custom which is always observed at Eastertide.

the offensive had begun. After a heavy bombardment, which obliterated the trenches.—(Official photographs.) converted it into a little fortress, which they believed to be impregnable, but our artillery shattered both the farm and the idea.

A'S NEW CABINET MEETS.

MR. AND MRS. LLOYD GEORGE AT THE WEDDING OF THEIR SOLDIER SON.



the new Cabinet. M. K. ...



Group taken at the wedding of Major Richard Lloyd George and Miss Roberta McAlpine. - The Premier is seen next to the bride's mother. Seated in front of her is Mrs. Lloyd George, next to the bride's father.—(Exclusive to The Daily Mirror.)

A Delicious Cup of Cocoa

Made in a Moment.

Take a teaspoonful of Savory & Moore's Cocoa and Milk, mix to a smooth paste with a little hot water, add boiling water as required, and you have in a moment a delicious cup of Cocoa, nourishing and sustaining—in fact, a meal in itself.

Savory & Moore's Cocoa and Milk is an excellent thing for the brain-worker, for those who suffer from "nerves" or insomnia; and for the busy man or woman who is obliged at times to forgo a regular meal and yet requires something sustaining in the meantime.

But perhaps its most valuable property is that it is very easily digested, and can be taken without the least discomfort, even by those who have to diet themselves with care and are unable to take tea, coffee, or cocoa in the ordinary form.

TESTIMONY.—"I have used your Cocoa and Milk, and consider it a most excellent preparation, very agreeable in flavour, and superior to tea, especially when taken in the afternoon by those whose digestions are weak."

Tins, 2/6 and 1/6, of all Chemists and Stores. **SAMPLE FOR 4d. POST FREE** A trial tin of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent by return, post free, for 4d. Mention *Daily Mirror*, and address: Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond-street, London, W. 1.

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Elite BRITISH CORSETS

OVER 200 MODELS.

For every figure—every occasion—and at every price.

Designed by a world-famed corset expert, upon sound hygienic principles and artistic lines.

Each pair guaranteed to improve and support the figure, give comfort, and wear satisfactorily.

Type 252.—Superb new model with low bust and medium length and skirt. In black and Pink Batiste. **6/11** Sizes 20-30. **PRICE**

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T. J. HARRIES & Co., Ltd., 262-266, Oxford St., London, W.

THE GREAT SUCCESS OF BURGESS' LION OINTMENT

is that it will not heal till it has thoroughly cleared away all morbid matter. There is no danger to life in curing a bad leg by Burgess' Lion Ointment, as it does not hurt the patient, nor enter the system. It cures without painful operations, lancing or cutting, in all cases of Ulcers, Abscesses, Whitlows, Boils, Catarrhs, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Polypus, Poisoned Wounds and all forms of Skin Disease. Its penetrative power makes it the best application for curing all Chest and Bronchial Troubles. **SEND 2 PENNY STAMPS FOR SAMPLE.** Sold by Chemists, 9d. Is 3d. 6s. etc. Address Gratia from E. BURGESS, 59, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C. Established 1847.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 5 lines.

Dress.

DRAPERY needs and new Spring Fashions will be fully displayed in the spring, and what will be published shortly, please write now and make sure of your copy.—Hedra, Ltd., Drapers, Regent St., London, W.1.

FRINGE Nets, full size, 1s. 1d. doz.; lists free.—J. Brodie, 41, Margaret St., London. Hair dyes, all colours.—MONTOLY Payments—Buy by post. Hair dyes, Boots. Costumes, Raincoats, Bedding, Blankets, Suits. Linens, Washes, Gold Rings, Caskets, from 6d. monthly; full free state requirements.—Masters, Ltd., 75, Hope Street, Bankers, London and County.

REAL NAIL SARGE stamped guaranteed as supplied to Admiralty, finer quality for ladies' and gent's wear; 27in. from 1s. 6d.; 34in. 2s. 11d.; 42in. 3s. 6d.; also black; 42in. 4s. 6d.; 48in. 5s. 6d.; 54in. 6s. 6d.; 60in. 7s. 6d.; 66in. 8s. 6d.; 72in. 9s. 6d.; 78in. 10s. 6d.; 84in. 11s. 6d.; 90in. 12s. 6d.; 96in. 13s. 6d.; 102in. 14s. 6d.; 108in. 15s. 6d.; 114in. 16s. 6d.; 120in. 17s. 6d.; 126in. 18s. 6d.; 132in. 19s. 6d.; 138in. 20s. 6d.; 144in. 21s. 6d.; 150in. 22s. 6d.; 156in. 23s. 6d.; 162in. 24s. 6d.; 168in. 25s. 6d.; 174in. 26s. 6d.; 180in. 27s. 6d.; 186in. 28s. 6d.; 192in. 29s. 6d.; 198in. 30s. 6d.; 204in. 31s. 6d.; 210in. 32s. 6d.; 216in. 33s. 6d.; 222in. 34s. 6d.; 228in. 35s. 6d.; 234in. 36s. 6d.; 240in. 37s. 6d.; 246in. 38s. 6d.; 252in. 39s. 6d.; 258in. 40s. 6d.; 264in. 41s. 6d.; 270in. 42s. 6d.; 276in. 43s. 6d.; 282in. 44s. 6d.; 288in. 45s. 6d.; 294in. 46s. 6d.; 300in. 47s. 6d.; 306in. 48s. 6d.; 312in. 49s. 6d.; 318in. 50s. 6d.; 324in. 51s. 6d.; 330in. 52s. 6d.; 336in. 53s. 6d.; 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PETER LYSTER: THE MAN WHO FORGOT

By RUBY M. AYRES.



Nan Marraby.

and a brother officer, who comes to tell Nan that Peter has lost his memory.

NAN MARRABY becomes engaged to Peter Lyster on the eve of his departure for France. All the time he is away she devotes herself to cheering her friend, Joan Endicott, whose husband is also serving in France. They live together in a little flat, each anxiously waiting for the news that she dreads and hoping for the safe return of the man who has been so seriously wounded. She bears the blow heroically, and decides to go and see Peter in the hospital. At last news reaches Nan that Peter has been seriously wounded. She bears the blow heroically, and decides to go and see Peter in the hospital. At last news reaches Nan that Peter has been seriously wounded. She bears the blow heroically, and decides to go and see Peter in the hospital.

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deal more I have to say. Nan, I'm a rich man—I can give you everything you want; I can look after those brothers of yours and give them a start in life. I can put your father on his feet, and make you somebody in the world." Nan listened apathetically; his words did not move her at all. When he stopped speaking she looked him squarely in the eyes. "I don't care to be somebody in the world," she said. "And I have had all the happiness I ever want—thank you," she added, with a touch of sarcasm.

"You mean—Lyster! Very well, then it will be a great kindness on my part to go to him and tell him what he—pretends to have forgotten"—the pause was deliberate—"that you were once engaged to him, I mean—that he once imagined he loved you devotedly; and that the engagement was never broken, save by you, and because you who can't back to England you and it were wiped clean out of his mind. You see, I have guessed rather more than you told me that day when we came down from town together."

Nan had smiled a little, but her voice was even when she spoke. "You can tell him what you like—it is of no interest to me."

She made a movement to pass him, but once again he barred her way. There was an angry light in his eyes now, and a note of impatience in his smooth voice.

"No interest to you—eh? Well, we shall see. I am pretty good at word-painting when I choose, and I think I can tell Lyster a very pretty story of a girl who is broken-hearted at the unfaithfulness of her lover—of a girl who . . ." he stopped short—Nan was crimson; for a moment he thought she was going to strike him, then her hand fell to her side.

"You forbid me to speak of him," she said, cuttingly. "I have wasted too much time here already. I forbid you to ever speak to me again—do you hear?"

He laughed. "You forbid me? That is good—as if a woman could ever pit her will against mine—see . . ." With a sudden quick movement he caught her in his arms—before she could stop him he had bent her head back against his shoulder, and was kissing her white face.

"You brute—you brute . . ." Nan fought him with the frenzy of despair; she felt that she was in the bonds of some hateful nightmare, but she was a child in his grasp, and her strength would have availed her nothing had not a crackle in the undergrowth broken the silence, and the next moment Peter Lyster was facing them in the narrow footpath.

Harley Sefton let Nan go—he was rather flustered, but he met Peter's eyes composedly enough.

For a moment nobody spoke. Nan was trembling in every limb; her face was deathly white save for ugly red patches on her fair skin where the man in black had brutally kissed her. Peter looked from one to the other in blank astonishment—then his face changed a little—he took a step forward—

"Can I—can I be of any assistance, Miss Marraby?" he asked, hesitatingly. "If—if this man has been annoying you—I thought I heard somebody call . . ."

Nobody answered; Nan was fighting against the sobs that threatened to choke her—she could only shake her head.

Harley Sefton laughed. "Your appearance is a little inopportune, my dear Peter," he said smoothly. "And I can assure you that you can be of no assistance whatever to either of us."

Peter looked at him steadily. "I spoke to Miss Marraby," he said curtly. He turned again to Nan; he half held his hand to her.

Nan found her voice then. "No—no; it's all right; there is nothing you can do, thank you." She could not look at him. She wished that the earth would open and swallow her up. She hated Sefton. She felt that she could gladly have killed him if he stood there so calm and unmoved; and yet she knew that if she told Peter the truth—how that this man had insulted her—Sefton would keep his word and tell him. Oh, what would he not tell him! Things that would crush her to the earth with shame and break her heart afresh.

"Go away—oh, please go!" she said in a whisper.

But Peter stood his ground. He did not believe what she had said, she could see. "If you are going home, I will walk with you," he said obstinately. "I am going that way." He waited a moment, but she did not answer, and he said again: "If you are going home, I will walk with you."

There was a sort of defiance in his voice. Sefton might not have been there at all for all the heed Peter paid to him, but it was he who came forward and answered for Nan.

"You will tell Lyster that you prefer to go with me," he said quietly. "We will tell Lyster that he is intruding—that we do not desire his company."

Nan raised her eyes—such blazing eyes they were. Hot words rushed to her lips, but something in his glance cowed her.

She knew to well what he would do if she defied him; knew that he would stop at nothing to hurt and shame her. She forced herself to compose with an effort. She turned to Peter, though she could not look at him.

"Please go," she said dully. "I am going back with Mr. Sefton."

She heard the little triumphant breath which Sefton drew, and she clenched her hands till the nails cut into her soft palms.

There was a moment of silence; then she heard Peter's retreating steps down the narrow footpath. She raised her eyes in sudden

anguish—he had almost gone—a moment and the curve in the wood would have hidden his khaki-clad figure from her sight.

And even had she looked and word he stopped and glanced back over his shoulder, but Nan gave no sign, and he went on again and disappeared through the fresh green bushes.

And now to resume our conversation," Sefton said.

Nan turned on him like a tigress. "If you speak to me again—I will kill you!" she panted.

She broke away from him before he could stop her and fled home. Her cheeks were on fire—her lips scorched where Sefton had brutally kissed her; she felt shamed to the very depths of her being.

ALONE WITH HER MISERY.

HOW much had Peter seen? she asked herself in torment. What was he thinking of her? What sort of a woman did he imagine that she was?

The doubt and uncertainty in his eyes cut her to the heart. He would have stayed with her if she had said one word to keep him—had he been jealous? Oh, had he minded even just a very little that she should be walking with another man where she had walked with him only two nights ago?

She paced up and down the room, wringing her hands. Whatever progress she had made with Peter before this, she knew now that the whole of it must be undone. He would never wish to be with her any more—never keep his promise and come to tea in the schoolroom. This would have formed a barrier between them more effective than anything that had happened during the past awful weeks.

She forgot how the time was flying—forgot that the boys must be wanting their tea—it was only when she had turned a corner—when round the door and looked at her with large apprehensive eyes that she realised how long she had stayed up there in her room.

"Aren't we—are't we going to have any tea to-day, Nan?" he asked her plaintively. She turned away from him and straightened her ruffled hair.

"Of course we are, old man—I quite forgot—I'm just coming down . . ." Her voice shook. Claude came across the room and leaned on the edge of the dressing table, staring at Nan in the mirror.

"You've hurt your face," he said, after a moment. "I!" Nan put up her hands to the hot, crimson patches which a man's hateful kisses had left on her cheeks; she felt that she

would never be able to wipe them out—that they would always be there scorching her, an eternal reminder of the shame of that moment when Peter had seen her in another man's arms.

She knelt down on the floor and drew Claude's arms round her neck.

"Kiss them and make them well," she said, in a sobbing whisper; she thought that perhaps the touch of the child's soft, innocent lips might give her back some of her lost self-respect—that she would not feel quite so bad if Claude kissed her.

He touched the red angry patches with a small and not over-clean forefinger. "There's one—two—free!—oh, lots!" he said, sorrowfully.

He put his lips to each in turn—drawing back between each kiss to ask, "Better?"

"Much better," said Nan. She clasped his fat little figure to her convulsively. "Do you love me, Claude?" she asked him.

There was a terrible ache in her heart. She was longing for someone to love her and be kind to her. She was like a creature who has been mortally hurt and cannot escape from the pain of the wound.

Claude hung his head. His elder brother had taught him that it was not quite manly to love anybody or show one's feelings at all.

"I do love you," he said at last, "but—you won't tell Jim, will you?"

Nan laughed, but there were tears in her voice. She kissed him with a pathetic haste and gratitude.

"We won't tell anyone," she said. "It's just our secret."

She felt better then. She went down and gave the boys their tea, but she could eat none herself—her heart was racing unevenly. She could only think of Peter, and wonder what he was thinking of her.

He had told her that he did not like Sefton, and she had agreed with him—and yet . . . she had allowed him to find her in Sefton's arms. Her whole body writhed as she thought of it.

"I should like to kill him—I wish I could kill him!" she told herself passionately. "Nan," said Claude, "you look like the picture of the wicked fairy in the story book."

Nan roused herself with an effort. "Do it?" she said, trying to laugh. "Perhaps that is how I feel!"

Claude was interested. "And do you want to kill somebody?" he asked, momentarily forsaking his bread and jam.

"Course she doesn't," Jim scoffed. "How silly you are." "Silly you are," Buster said mildly. "But for once Claude held his own."

"Not silly," he reiterated stoutly. "Boys, boys, don't quarrel," Nan entreated; her head ached, but she only realised it now for the first time.

(Continued on page 11.)

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Miss Violet Blythe, who is appearing in "High Links" at the Adelphi Theatre.



Miss Jungman, the designer of the Dutch room in "Double Dutch" at the Apollo.

THE SPRING SEASON.

Spring, Sunshine and Society Meet in London on Easter Morning.

EASTER has been described by a hymn writer as "the spring of souls." It was a typical spring day yesterday. There were, it is true, some lowering clouds in the afternoon, but the morning broke fine and clear. There was a sense of exhilaration in the air. Nature seemed to be taking her part in the triumphal festival of resurrection.

A Khaki Church Parade.

ON SUCH A DAY it is a positive sin to remain indoors. After church I sauntered into Hyde Park to watch the first real "church parade" of the year. It was crowded with an ever-moving throng of men and women. Khaki was predominantly prominent, and I noticed a fair sprinkling of Belgian officers among the passers-by.

Dresses in the Park.

WE HAVE been told that it is bad form to dress extravagantly, and I fancy that many of our womenfolk are laying this maxim to heart. Certainly the frocks that I observed in the Park yesterday were less elaborate than they were wont to be in former years. But their wearers looked none the less charming for all that. White furs and sables appeared to be very much in evidence.

Clearing the Nelson Column.

THE NELSON COLUMN is itself again. Passing through Trafalgar-square yesterday morning I noticed the workmen were removing those huge advertisements for National Service with which for some weeks past it has been decorated—or defaced. A cart was in readiness to carry them away.

Another Crisis?

I FIND that many M.P.s are remaining in town during the recess. The reason is that the political situation just now is delicate and they want to be at hand to watch developments. Political rumours are generally well in advance of the facts, but I think that this time the situation may quite likely lead to dramatic developments soon.

The "P.M." and a Bold Line.

WHEN THE HOUSE meets there will be only a fortnight in which to get through the Bill prolonging the life of Parliament. The success of that depends on a number of things, chief among which are the Irish question and the National Service muddle. In the clubs politicians are seriously debating the probability of Mr. Lloyd George taking the bold line and appealing to the country.

Music at the Front.

I HEAR that Mr. Joseph Holbrooke, the composer, is going to France some time this month to play to the soldiers.

A Baby Lover.

MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN, since he has acquired a small grandson of his own, is interesting himself greatly in babycraft. Coming out of a committee-room in Kingsway the other day I saw the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Barratt and Mr. Sladen leaving together. I learnt that they had been plotting further details of Baby's Week during the summer.

Dusting the Roses.

PRISCILLA LADY ANNESLEY is one of the war workers who had an excellent reason for going away this Easter. She has gone down to her riverside cottage "to dig the prairie beds," as she phrases it with her pretty Irish accent. That must be a hard thing to do, for her rose gardens were the pride of the surrounding country. Her garden, moreover, was designed by an artist, and there are some wonderful wall-paintings in the summer-house.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

"Double Dutch."

IF FINE FEATHERS made fine birds, "Double Dutch," the new Apollo farce, would be a fine play. The setting is quaint, picturesque, attractive—Dutch, in fact. I cannot say that I found the play itself particularly attractive. It lacked the charm of novelty. There was much noisy merriment, but throughout it all one had the feeling of having seen the same sort of thing before—and that not once nor twice.

The Cast.

WHAT THE PLAYERS could do with the material at their disposal they did. Mr. Frederic Bentley contrived to get every ounce of fun out of his part as a middle-aged roué. Mrs. A. B. Tapping was "viciously boisterous." Neither Miss Dorothy, like to nor Miss Mary Brough had much to do. The chief object of merriment appeared to be a capacious bedstead that rose and fell on invisible springs. The audience seemed to enjoy it.

A Triple Bill.

THE TRIPLE BILL at the New Theatre may be pronounced an almost unqualified success. When we get Sir J. M. Barrie at his best we get something that approaches a classic. He is at his best in "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." It is a play compounded of humour and pathos, tenderness and satire, and it provides a fine part for Miss Jean Cadell, which was as finely interpreted.

"Wurzel-Flummery."

MR. A. A. MILNE's comedy, "Wurzel-Flummery," evidently took the house from the first. It abounds in that light and delicate humour which those of us who know it to author's work in *Punch* have been taught to expect. "A beautiful play," I overheard one lady say to another in the foyer. "So artistic."

Out of Harmony.

I MAKE Mr. Milne a present of the compliment. For myself—hugely as I enjoyed the play—I was disappointed with the conclusion. Richard Meriton was not, I think, the type of man to change his name for a paltry £50,000. He would have clung to his honour and hidden his selfish little fiancée a cheerful farewell. The note of cynicism with which the play closes was out of harmony. But Mr. Dion Boucicault's finished acting would make even a bad play—and "Wurzel Flummery" is certainly not that—worth seeing.

"Seven Women."

"SEVEN WOMEN"—that is Barrie again—we had seen before—or something like it. I was unconsciously glad to see it again. For Miss Irene Vanbrugh's impersonation of the woman who is seven women all in one is a triumph of art. She was effectively assisted by Mr. Gordon Ash as the estimable, but humourless, Captain Rattray.



Miss Irene Vanbrugh.

In the Audience.

THERE WAS a crowded house. I noticed Captain Harry Graham, khaki-clad and debonair, in one of the upper boxes. In another box was Lady Kathleen Curzon-Horriek. Scattered about the stalls I saw Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. Arthur Playfair and Mr. J. E. Vedrenne.

Means to an End.

WHILE we are digging up the plots America is digging out the plotters.

Business Booming.

I HEAR that there will be three extra matinees of "Under Cover" this week at the Strand, to-day, to-morrow and Wednesday. With the ordinary Thursday and Saturday matinees and performances every evening, this will make eleven performances—a strenuous week for Mr. Lang and his company.

A Realised Ambition.

IT MUST BE very pleasant to realise one's ideals. On Saturday I saw Mr. Ernest C. Rolls, the producer of "Hanky-Panky" at the Piccadilly Hotel. "Do you know," he said, "what was my earliest ambition? It was to produce a revue at the Empire. Years ago, whenever I passed the building, I used to look at it with a sort of hopeless longing."

To-day's Economy Hint.

FROM Eastbourne.—When cooking a joint of bacon grate the brown crust of a loaf over it, instead of the "pre-war" specially prepared breadcrumb. It is a saving of time as well as of bread. If a small grater be used the crumbs can be made small, and no one will know the difference.

A Wonderful Record.

I CANNOT refrain from congratulating my colleagues of the *Sunday Pictorial* on the wonderful circulation that popular newspaper has attained in a comparatively brief time. It is the subject of gossip frequently in Fleet-street. It started with a circulation of 1,033,203 copies on its birthday, March 14, 1915. On April 1 last the circulation had increased to 2,230,245—the largest of any paper of its kind in the world.

A Fine War Artist.

I MET Mr. Joseph Simpson, the painter, yesterday and congratulated him on his striking design for the cover of that popular half-crown war book, "Canada in Khaki." The publisher, by the way, told me yesterday the first week's sales were over 33,000! Mr. Simpson's cover represents a fine type of the fighting Canadian, of whom he knows many.



Mr. Joseph Simpson.

Bayonet Training.
SINCE last August Mr. Simpson has been engaged on a series of educational pictures for the training of soldiers in the use of the bayonet.

Last week he received a fine silver cup from the Inspector of Gymnasia and officers of the Army Gymnasia Staff as an appreciation of his assistance to the bayonet teachers. A graceful tribute, that, I think.



Mrs. Clara Butt is organising the "Day to be held on May 8."



Canon Newbolt is preaching on the Sunday afternoons in April at St. Paul's.

A Sketch Collector.

NOT MANY know that Miss Mabel Russell has a fine collection of silver-point sketches. Some of them decorate her dressing-room at Wyndham's Theatre. I have even more interesting news than this about Miss Russell, who may be a war bride, even if the campaign ends before autumn.

Women Allotment Holders.

MANY of the Twickenham potato allotments are held by women. They are putting in some strenuous work just now. Even the children are helping. The other day I noticed a child of four hoeing.

Wounded Only.

A COMIC situation has arisen round the seats "for wounded soldiers only," which the Hampstead Corporation has placed adjacent to the heath. The wounded warriors have not taken kindly to this isolation, with the result that the ordinary seats hold the boys in hospital blue and their admiring friends, while the others accommodate a nursemaid and a child or so.

His Reply.

I HAVE HEARD of a young "sub." who was granted three days' leave. As he failed to return his commanding officer wired him peremptorily ordering his return. This was the reply: "So sorry; have not been feeling quite up to the mark during my leave, but hope to be with you in a few days. Meanwhile, kindly carry on."

THE RAMBLER.

BUY IT TO-DAY

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GREAT WELCOME FOR PREMIER AT WEDDING. Pretty Scenes at His Eldest Son's Marriage. CORNISH HONEYMOON.

The principal social event of the Easter holidays was the marriage of Major Richard Lloyd George, eldest son of the Prime Minister, and Miss Roberta McAlpine, youngest daughter of Mr. Robert McAlpine, of Tottenham, Herts.

It took place at Bath Abbey on Saturday, and was an extremely pretty function.

One of the outstanding features of the wedding was the great welcome accorded by the populace to the Prime Minister.

The bridegroom had been staying at Bath as a convalescent officer for some time, and the marriage took place from the Empire Hotel.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a beautiful Empire dress of white charmeuse, with a tunic trimmed with silver leaves, with a girdle of silver rope, the semi-Court train falling from the right shoulder.

SILENT PRIME MINISTER.

Miss Megan Lloyd George, younger sister of the bridegroom, and Miss Nida McAlpine, niece of the bride, were the bridesmaids.

The Prime Minister, Mrs. Lloyd George, Mrs. and Miss William George and Miss Lloyd George were among the wedding party.

Baroness de Belare, sister of the bride, was hostess at the wedding breakfast at the Empire Hotel.

A pretty incident occurred after the wedding breakfast. The bride, seeing that a large concourse of people remained waiting outside the Empire Hotel, stepped through the French windows on to the balcony, still wearing her lovely bridal dress.

The crowd called for Mr. Lloyd George, but the Prime Minister declined to be drawn into speech-making.

The honeymoon is being spent in Cornwall. Mr. Lloyd George yesterday motored back to London.

KAISER'S TURN NEXT.

Sigs That Germany Will Follow
Russia, Says Mr. Snowden.

Mr. Philip Snowden, speaking at a demonstration held at Leeds last night in connection with the annual conference of the Independent Labour Party, declared that while the people of Russia had overthrown their autocratic rulers, the people of this country had quietly, and almost without protest, permitted their traditional liberties to be filched from them by the governing classes.

Before long we should have industrial conscription, and he hoped no one would harbour the delusion that this was merely for the duration of the war.

All the autocratic Governments and thrones of Europe were trembling to-day. The red flag floated over the Tsar's palace. There were signs that before long it would float over the Kaiser's palace.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald declared that every modern tyranny sought for something to keep the democracy quiet while they riveted the chains upon it. The Independent Labour Party were not having it.

AMERICAN'S £5,000 GIFT TO FRANCE.

PARIS, Sunday.—Mr. Mortimer Schiff, son of Mr. Jacob Schiff, founder and director of the great banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Co., New York, has just caused to be remitted to M. Ribot a cheque for £5,000 for the benefit of the inhabitants of the districts recently regained by France.—Exchange.

THE IMITATIVE AGE



Wouldn't you feel grown up in such a leghorn hat?

Sincerest Flattery.

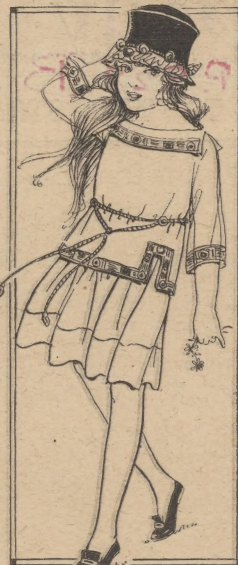
Since we've become such demure, straight-up-and-down ladies the small girl whose air we somewhat awe is snatching at our fashions right and left.

Our Very Own Mixture.

Little Miss Eleven and her sister of fifteen alike can wear the pleated skirts and jumpers of mother's wardrobes. They use our jersey silk, they mix their serge and foulard, their mouseline with their satin as do the best of us.

Small Reversibles.

There's another achievement of this year we are so proud of—the reversible wraps of serge and satin. And, would you believe it?



A mouseline tunic, bordered in wools, overlaps the roman satin skirt.



Parmaviolets circle on a hat of blue georgette.

even baby has one quite like it—serge for rainy days, satin for shine.

Capes and Tunics.

Like us, they forswear suits for gowns and even go abroad braving the elements in a yoked cape-wrap. Underneath you'll find last year's serge gown discreetly tunicked in a georgette veil, which was mother's idea for her own "make-do."

Baby's Colour Scheme.

As for colours, they steal our navy, do those saucy mites, and brighten it with lavender linen; they wear our grey gowns and line and face them with a cherry check. Even their hems they wrap in flowered ribbons, though it will be long years before they touch the earth.

PETER LYSER: THE MAN WHO FORGOT.

(Continued from page 9.)

She dismissed the three as soon as they had finished; she sat on at the head of the table staring out into the quiet garden, where the shadows were gathering.

Two nights ago Peter had come to that gate and wanted to see her; but for Sefton he would have come in, and she would have had him alone for a little while.

Now he would never come any more; he had done with her—he was disgusted with her—whatever interest she had succeeded in arousing in his heart with regard to herself must have been killed once and for all when he saw her this afternoon in the wood—the wood where they had walked together—her and she. Nan bowed her head and covered her eyes with her hands.

"It's not fair—it's not fair," she told herself fiercely. "Am I never to have any happiness? Never any at all?"

Presently she rose—she knew that the little maid would be wondering why she had been late for tea, and why she sat so long now alone at the deserted table.

She began mechanically to tidy the table—and push the chairs back.

"I suppose I'll do this every day of my life now, till I die," she thought hopelessly. "I shall never be able to escape any more—I've got to be here for all my life."

The garden gate creaked, as if beneath the push of a hand; Nan raised her eyes to the window, then she stood still, all the blood in her body seemed to rush to her heart, for Peter Lyster was walking up the path to the house.

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

Preliminary heats of the Inns of Court O.T.C. and Cadet School sports were decided at Berkhampstead on Saturday. There were over 1,500 entrants and, after the wedding-out process, about 300 competitors were left in for the finals to-day.

No Armed Ships Allowed.

The Dutch Government, says Reuter, refuses to allow armed merchantmen to enter her ports.

Thrown in Rotten Row.

His horse throwing him in Rotten Row yesterday, an Australian officer was hurled against a fence and seriously injured on the head.

Dear Bear Revolt.

Publicans in Chatham and Rochester have decided to buy no more supplies from the brewers till the rates for malt liquors are reduced.

Their Fathers' Medals.

General Maxwell, of the Northern Command, presenting medals at Newcastle on Saturday, pinned medals on the breasts of two little children of dead soldiers.

Killed by Motor Omnibus.

Through a motor omnibus dashing into a group of Leadenhall County Council laborers in the Upper Tooting road yesterday three were very badly injured and one was killed.

Women and the Plough.

A demonstration of women's farm work, including milking, management of animals, ploughing and killing and dressing poultry, is to be held by the Surrey War Agricultural Committee at Shalfleet.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

J. Borge, Hendon (119 yards start), won the Newcastle 100 yards sprint handicap on Saturday.

At Rotherham on Saturday James Headle beat Tom Bines in a two miles hot race by seven yards.

Music-hall boxing championships are being arranged to take place at the National Sporting Club in May.

Billy Williams beat Corporal Jack Daniels on points in a fifteen rounds bout at the Ring on Saturday night.

At Woolwich Theatre on Saturday Nick Birch, a Welshman, beat Gomer Harry Smith R.F.A., in the tenth round of a fifteen rounds contest.

Jim Butters, the son of the Newmarket trainer, having seen a lot of active service in France, has been recommended for a commission, and is now with the O.T.C.

The four miles cross-country championship of the A.R.C. shot Command on Saturday was won by the 119th Canadian Reserve, where Sergeant W. H. Barton was first home in 25m. 46.2-5s.

Footballers generally, a 4 tons in Yorkshire particularly, have been very sorry to hear of the serious illness of Mr. John Nicholson Sheffield United's secretary, who has had a severe bout of pneumonia.

ALL BLACKS WIN IN PARIS.

PARIS, Sunday.—A Rugby match took place here to-day between a New Zealand fifteen and a French team composed of old internationals.

The New Zealanders won by 40 points to nil. The visitors were heartily cheered by a large crowd.—Reuter.

LAST OF 'CHASING.

Windsor Meeting on Thursday and Friday the Wind Up.

NEWMARKET RESTRICTIONS.

Steeplechasing's last meeting takes place at Windsor on Thursday and Friday. The meeting is an "extra" one arranged on account of the number of meetings stopped by frost and from other causes during the winter.

There was, however, just a doubt last week as to the advisability of holding it at all. The petrol question has been raised with such frequency in the House of Commons that many people thought it would be declared off.

Instead the authorities took the step of increasing the prices, so that intending visitors must take tickets for the two days and pay £8 down for them.

This includes the amusement tax and also the rebate of 1 which is allowed to people who can show that they have travelled by road.

Officers in uniform who wish to visit the races will not, however, be penalised in this way. They will be asked to pay £1 plus the amusement tax on each day. There will be no "free list" whatever.

Taken all round, despite the disadvantages under which it has suffered, the National Hunt season has been a good one. And it has abundantly proved that in the pre-war days we had a lot too much of the winter sport. There are not so many horses in training for the winter game, and they did not go round properly then.

This winter fields have been good and, generally speaking, sport has been excellent.

On April 27 the first of the thirteen meetings arranged at Newmarket for the coming flat-racing season begins.

There will be no special railway facilities in the way of race trains, only the ordinary service from Liverpool-street being available.

There will be no advance booking, and when enough tickets have been issued to fill the trains, no more will be sold.

It is likely that people going to Newmarket for racing this season will stay there for the meeting, instead of travelling up and down each day, as the majority have done in the past.

SATURDAY'S FOOTBALL.

LONDON COMBINATION.—Millwall (h) 2, Chelsea 1; Arsenal (h) 2, Southampton 2; Queen's Park Rangers (h) 2, Luton 2; Portsmouth (h) 5, Wadsworth 5; West Ham (h) 4, Clanton Orient 3; Bradford City (h) 2, Oldham 0; Tottenham Hotspur 3, Crystal Palace (h) 0.

LANCASHIRE SECTION.—Subsidary Competition.—Burnley (h) 0, Preston North End 0; Port Vale (h) 3, Stoke 2; Bolton Wanderers 3, Bury (h) 2; Stockport County 1, Southport 0; Salford City 2, Salford 2; Athletic 2, Everton 2; Liverpool (h) 0; Blackpool (h) 4, Blackburn Rovers 1; Manchester United (h) 5, Manchester City 1.

MIDLAND SECTION.—Subsidary Competition.—Sheff. United (h) 4, Barnsley 0; Hull City 5, Chesterfield 1; Leicester 2, Notts County 1; Grimsby 5, Lincoln City (h) 1; B. A. Ford 3, Leeds City (h) 0; Huddersfield 2, Bradford 0.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Ayr United (h) 1, Queen's Park 1; Falkirk (h) 4, Aberdeen 2; Hearts 0, Kilmarnock 0; Motherwell 1, Dundee 0; Celtic 2, Dundee 1; Third Lanark 2, Rangers (h) 0; P. R. Thistle 2, St. Mirren (h) 1; Dundee 4, Rangers 2.

LONDON YOUTH LEAGUE.—Wilkinson Sword (h) 4, Darra 3.

RECY MATCHES.—London Public Schools 55 pts., The Best 5 at Richmond A.S.C., Grove Park 10, R.N. Depot Devonport 3 (at Richmond); Spanaway XV, R.N. Royal Monmouth Engineers 5.

NORTHERN UNION.—St. Helens R. 14pts., Salford (h) 0; Warrington (h) 2, Widnes 2; Harrow (h) 4, Hull Kingston Rovers 2; Leeds (h) 19, 2; Halesowen 20, Batley (h) 0; Leeds (h) 10, Halifax 0; Huddersfield (h) 7, Broughton Rangers 0; Hull (h) 15, Swinton 0; Huddersfield 16, Brighams Rangers (h) 0.

A.S.C. JUST WIN.

The Army Service Corps team from Grove Park round their winning sequence met and defeated the unbeaten R.N. team from Devonport (who had scored 564 points to 101) by 10 points to 5.

It was an excellent game. Britain, for the Navy, opened with a great try, but two grand penalty goals by Grouse gave the A.S.C. a lead before half-time.

In the second period Holbrook dropped a goal for the A.S.C., who thus won without crossing their opponents' line. The Corps were without Ware and Tobey during some portion of the second half through injuries.

TO-DAY'S BOXING.

There is no boxing at the National Sporting Club to-day.

At the Ring tomorrow the principal bout will be one of twenty rounds between Harry Ashdown (late R.F.C.) and Corporal Harry Ashdown (late R.F.C.).

At Houndsdown Bill Berron, ex-bantam-weight champion, will have Private Harry Curley as opponent in a twenty rounds bout, and at Hoxton Baths Sergeant Bill Johnson and Private P. Foggie box fifteen rounds.

At the Liverpool Stadium Jerry Shea and Nigel Brady meet in fifteen rounds, and at Plymouth Cosmojohn and King Young box ten rounds. Private Ted Bull goes a similar course.

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AUSTRALIANS ENTER BAPAUME TO THE STRAINS OF A TRIUMPHAL MARCH.



Buildings were blazing on both sides of the street down which they marched to the strains of the regimental band.—(Official photograph.)

P.14148. P.6102Z P.10.A.
IN "HANKY PANKY," THE NEW EMPIRE REVUE.

THE A.S.C. DEFEAT R.N. DEPOT, DEVONPORT.



A naval man gets away with the ball at Richmond on Saturday.

P.19396A. P.6852D P.19396A.
IN OBITUARY AND LIST OF HONOURS.



Mr. Frank Russell, the
"King of the Costers,"
who has just died.



Sergeant Thomas Hawkins,
who has been awarded
both the D.C.M. and the
Military Medal.



Lieutenant John
Thwaytes, R.F.C., of
Penrith, killed in France.

Miss Winifred Edlice.
Miss Unity More.
Miss Phyllis Dare.
Miss Unity More makes her entrance through the scenery.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)